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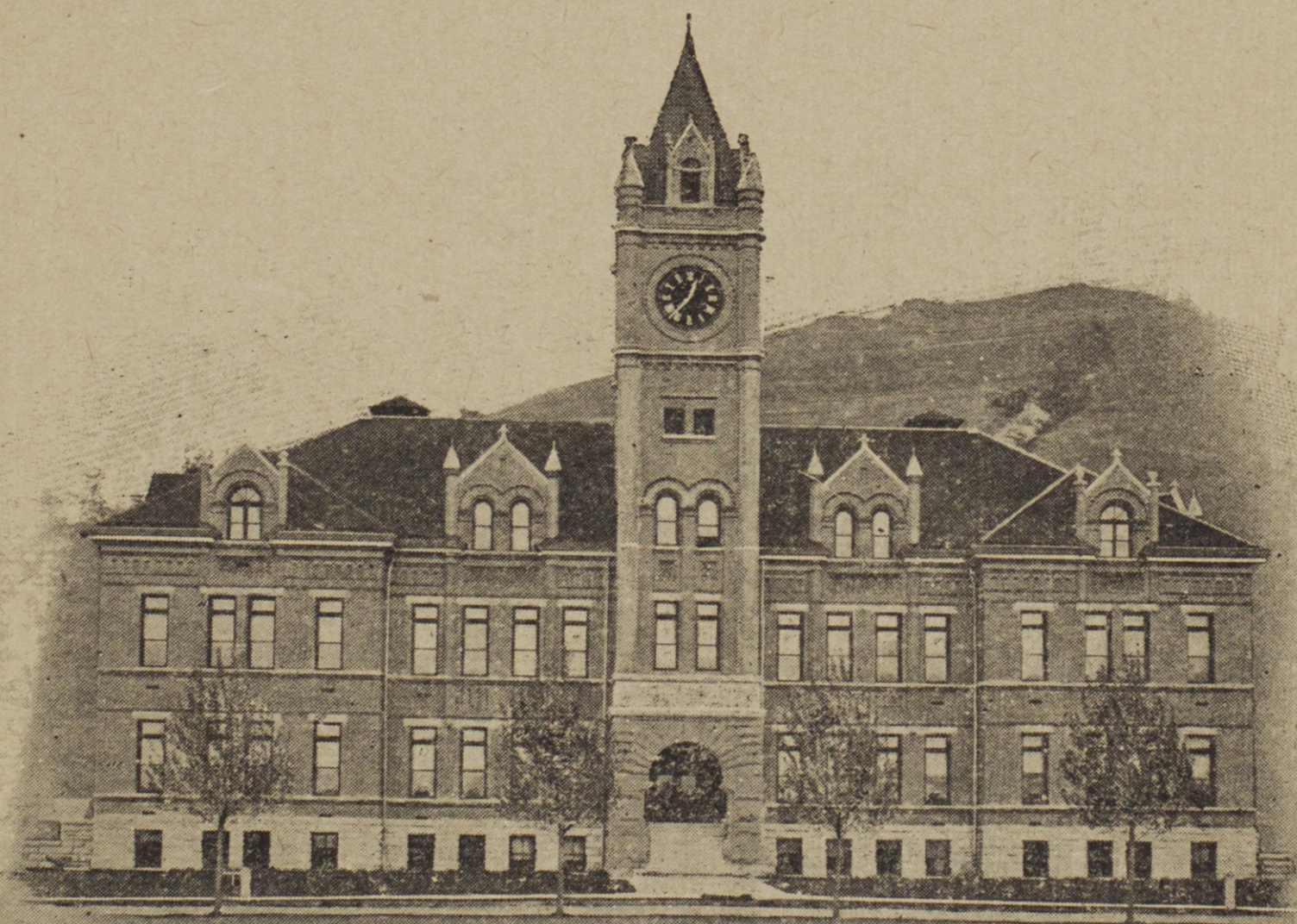
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THE KALAMIN

UNIVERSITY
OF MONTANA



DECEMBER, 1905



Practical Xmas Presents
For
YOUNG AND OLD

Follow the Crowds to the
Missoula Mercantile Co

THE KAIMIN

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

DECEMBER, 1905

Volume 9

Number 3

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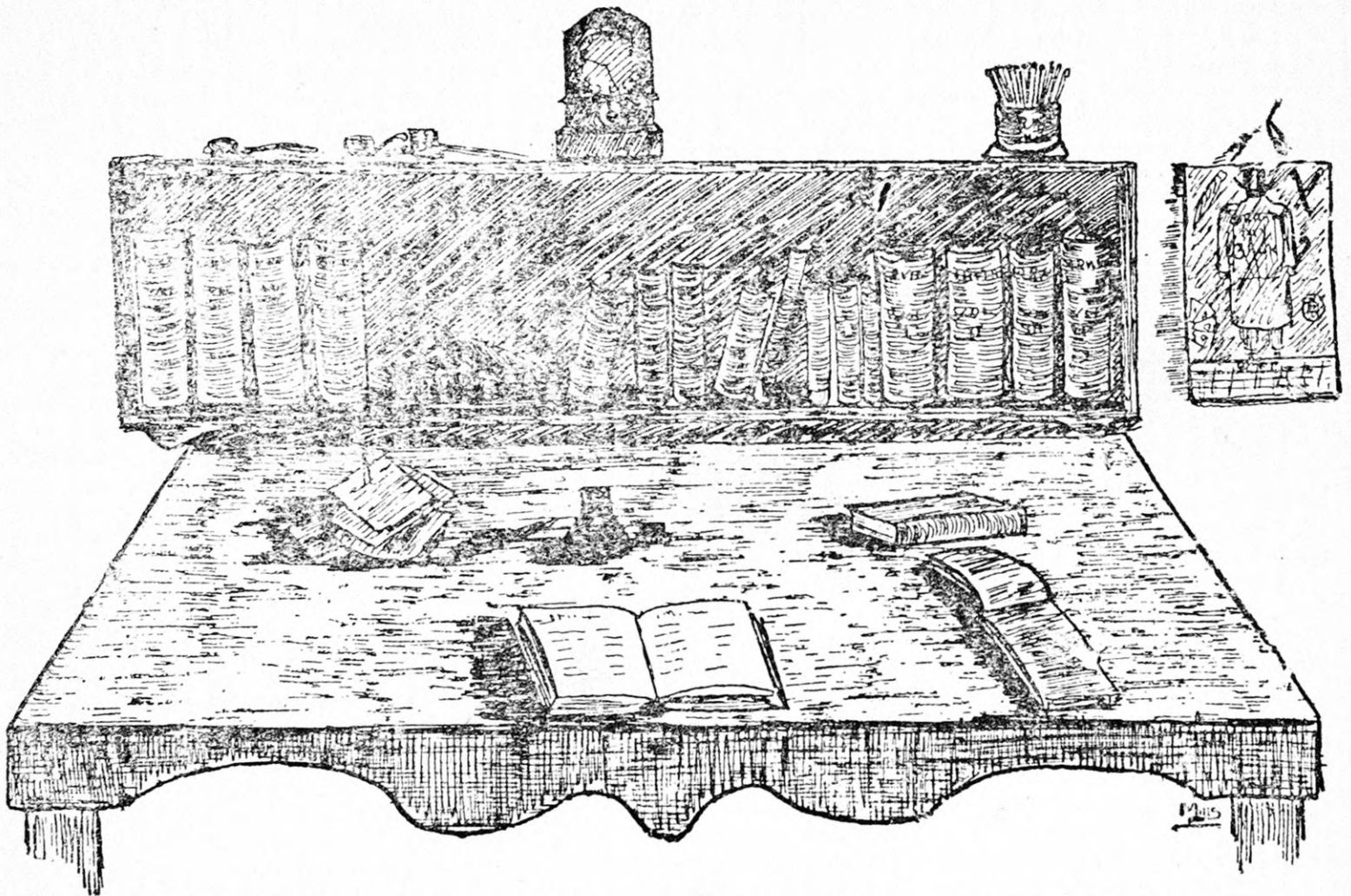
THE KAIMIN

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

Vol. 9

DECEMBER, 1905

No. 3



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Editors: Maud Burns

Joseph W. Streit

The Result of Dorothy's Christmas Escapade

Night was coming on fast and the air was full of whirling snowflakes, which hid the mountain tops in a misty veil, enveloped the big fir trees in a great white coat, obliterated the trails on the mountain side and in the gulches and was piled high in the fence corners and lanes of the mountain range. If the hour had been day instead of night it would be easy to see the difficult journey of a lone traveler as his sleigh drawn by a single grey horse plowed through the drifts of the country road. As it was the passage of the traveler out into the country beyond was apparent to no one; and if some one had been near at hand he would only hear an occasional kind word intended to urge on the horse and the creaking of the sleigh as it rose and

fell in the mountains and gullies of snow. It was a harder passage perhaps than it seemed to Frank Ames a few hours before when he undertook it from the village. The train being several hours late delayed his arrival in the village and thus made this evening trip a necessity; a necessity because he wished to get out to the old homestead. It was five years since he had been home and so anxious was he to see his mother and sister that he would not entertain the idea of remaining in the village over night. As he arrived a day sooner than he said he would in his letter, no one met him at the station. So undaunted he secured a horse and sleigh and set out to the old farm. He did not experience the least difficulty in finding the road for the road passed through a lane a good part of the way, and the other part was skirted by a fence on one or the other sides. After being on the road for several hours he became somewhat accustomed to the slow pace and was thinking what a great surprise there would be at home when he walked in. All of a sudden his reverie was broken by his horse shying at something directly in front of him. Frank was annoyed at the behavior of his horse and was about to apply the reprimanding whip when his attention was attracted by the outlines of a dark object in the snow. He glanced at it an instant, "what! it can't be—yes, it certainly looks like it," he exclaimed, as he stopped his horse and sprang out. In a moment he stooped to lift the object from the snow and discovered it was a little girl. As he picked her up she murmured drowsily: "Dear, kind Mr. Santa Claus, I want—

Frank was in a quandry as he chaffed the little hands and did all he could to induce a brisk circulation in the limp form. Then he tucked her in the robes on the seat beside him and urged his horse on with all possible haste. After a quarter of an hour more of floundering through the snow a light appeared through the falling snow and a few more minutes brought Frank and his precious burden to the door of his old home. Great was the consternation when he and his strange burden entered unannounced. His dear old mother in her intense eagerness to apply restoratives forgot he had been absent for five years and his sister who had been planning to give him such a warm welcome, ran about helping all she could with two great tears standing in her eyes and wondering if the little dear was dead. To her and her mother, this child—little Dorothy as she was called—was a great favorite. She was the motherless child of a nearby neighbor and often—after her mother's death—spent her days at the Ames home. How she should be in the place where Frank found her, and at such a time, was a mystery to Kate and her mother.

The reviving influence of the restoratives and stimulants began to have effect, and little Dorothy soon opened her dark wistful eyes and looking somewhat dazed into the faces above her, said: "Am I in heaven with mamma and Santa Claus?"

Later in the evening when the distracted father, after a trying and hopeless search found his child and learned of her rescue, it developed that she, in brooding over the coming Christmas holiday, conceived the idea of going out to search for Santa Claus. She thought now that mamma was gone, may be he would not come unless she should ask him. When her mother went to heaven a short time before they carried her down the road toward the great hill, the top of which to her seemed to reach to heaven. So this and the rumor that Santa Claus was going to leave a tree full of presents at Kate's home caused the association of God, heaven, Mamma and Santa Claus in the child's mind.

"It will be necessary for you, Frank," said Kate to her brother, "to be an ideal Santa Claus tomorrow night."

"What do you mean?" asked her brother with keen interest?

Then Kate recounted to him how she and her mother had planned to have a Christmas tree for the children of the neighborhood at their home and that he in honor of his visit was to take the part of Santa Claus. "You will act, won't you," pleaded his mother, "and do what you can to make a bright hour for those little lives. I know we should not impose on you, especially this your first visit since going away, but the effort to make others happy might be the herald of your happiness in disguise." And the mother looked at her son with tender loving eyes that brought a flush to his face.

It was not a very hard task to induce Frank to act as Santa Claus on the morrow evening. His experiences with little Dorothy in the snow and his desire to make others happy influenced him to accept. But his visit home was not altogether for this purpose. Primarily he wished to see his mother and sister and incidentally renew his acquaintance once more with—. But why give away entirely to this she might be as fixed in her resolution as ever.

So it was planned that he should drive his sister to the village next day and make some more purchases for the tree—he not being altogether satisfied with the selections already made. And what an ideal day the following one turned out to be. Just such a Christmas eve as one would have if he had the ordering of it. The sun peeped over the white capped mountains and made the hills and valleys glisten as though their white robe was studded with millions of diamonds.

The hills seemed to blend with the mountains and they in turn, in the distance where the rising sun had not yet scattered the mist, seemed to join heaven and earth. Along the road, now well marked, as several teams had already passed over it to the village, every branch and spray drooped low under a load of feathery snow forming fairy grottoes and palaces; white and dazzling fields dotted with farm houses from which the purple smoke arose straight in air, stretched away towards the mountain. The bouyant morning air had a crispness about it that brought a tinge to the cheeks; it surely was a glorious day to usher in the anniversary day of Him whose coming brought so much to all mankind.

Frank's spirits were quite high as he drove along. His sister had always been his confidant and companion and this shopping trip to the village seemed more like a drive for pleasure than an errand. The conversation soon turned to the subject which was uppermost in his mind; a more than passing regard for a young lady whom he had known all his life. They had been brought up together in the village. Later they were separated, she going away to a seminary and he to college. When they returned the old friendships were renewed, but somehow it seemed much different to Frank. She had now developed into an accomplished woman and looked on love, as he expressed it to his sister, in a different light. So a year later when he had to leave to take up his profession in an eastern city, Miss Burgell had told him for the third time she could not become his wife. "If I ever change my mind," she said, "I shall let you know, so do not give yourself any concern about it."

That was five years ago. He seemed to have waited and hoped in vain for the change. Through his sister he kept track of her, maybe she did the same of him, notwithstanding her indifference; he did not know, he could not find out.

"You must not," said Kate during their conversation on the way to the village, "let this affair interfere with your visit home. Hilda will be with us tonight and tomorrow and I wish you to try and be just as you were in the old days."

"Why Kate! I could not do otherwise," he exclaimed, "but you may depend," he added with a twinkle in his dark eyes, "I will find out this very day if she thinks she could change her mind before long. It may spoil all, but nothing ventured nothing gained."

The village was reached in due time and the purchases made. It seemed that Frank would never get through buying presents. A great wax doll with flaxen hair, large gray eyes, that would open and close,

and dressed in a long blue dress that reached to the tops of her white shoes was his first acquisition. Then regiments of tin soldiers, a long procession of horses, wagons and drivers, and flocks of wooly sheep, dogs and cats became his.

The afternoon was a busy one at the Ames' home. A fir tree had been set up in the dining room and three energetic people tied on presents, candies and so on until it swayed under its load; and then some were left over and had to be placed beneath it. Frank's retort to the question "Why he had bought so much," was that it would be very trying for a tree to stand half dressed before a room full of people. He was in a very good humor despite the fact that one of the trio dressing the tree let him know that she was still of the same mind as when he last interviewed her.

"I thought," she said, as she turned her eyes away to avoid his searching look, "that you understood I would let you know when I changed my mind."

"So you did," he replied, "but I thought you would not let me know soon enough and I wanted to know so much this very day when every one else seems so happy, and besides, I did not say I would not ask again. It is as natural for me to propose to you when I am in your presence as it is for a fish to swim. So don't be vexed, I just can't help it."

Night came on too slow for the young guests gathering from all over the vicinity at the Ames' home where they should see Santa Claus, who would give each presents and candy. Dorothy, the youngest, prettiest, and tiniest of all the children present, was there none the worse apparently for her search for Santa Claus the evening before; and the center of all Miss Burgell's attention. The child scarcely realized what it all meant. One idea possessed her only, she was going to see Santa Claus. She knew he would bring her something but what, she never questioned. Santa Claus called up a recollection of mamma and the thought of mamma suggested God. So the little mind was filled with wondering expectancy. And finally, when a great noise and jingling of bells was heard outside and a crowd of children too frightened to speak, whispered it must be Santa Claus, her lustrous eyes that had never ceased to watch the door for a single moment grew larger and brighter as Santa Claus came bounding in with a great stamping of feet and jingle of bells. What a sight he was to behold! A big man in a great red coat and a red knit cap, his white hair hanging out from beneath it; his long white beard covered with frost and snow.

"Good evening children," he said in a cheery jovial voice.

"Good evening Santa," replied a chorus of voices; the fear his entrance occasioned being dispelled like magic by his friendly greeting.

"I am late and have a long way to go yet tonight, so we must hurry," he said as he stooped to pick up Dorothy. "Do you want to see the tree, my little girl"?

"Yes, please Santa, and my mamma, too."

"You shall see the tree and presents now. Some day if Dorothy is a good little girl she will see mamma in heaven. Look straight ahead now and we shall see the tree."

Slowly the door leading into the dining room was opened. What a scene was before them! A fairy land seen in a dream was never so wonderful nor beautiful. The only light was that of the dozens of tiny candles gleaming like stars through the blue haze. The tinsel glistened frostily or scintillated like thousands of diamonds and rubies and amethysts; the crystal balls were aglow with all the colors beloved of children.

Dorothy gave a cry of delight and clasped her tiny arms about Santa Claus' neck. He approached the tree and taking down the beautiful doll placed it in her arms. The spasm of joy that shook the child's frame was as evident to Hilda who stood a little distance away as it was to Frank who held the child in his arms.

A little later when the presents were all distributed among the happy children there, Frank, who still held Dorothy in his arms was about to turn her over to Hilda and take his departure, when the child clasping her doll close to her and looked up into his face and said: "Mr. Santa Claus, are you God, too"?

There was a momentary pause while Frank was trying to think of an answer. Before he could answer he felt a little warm hand touch his and looking around gazed into the depths of Hilda's blue eyes. They were steady but a little tearful which served to intensify the light which he had waited so long to see in them. "Frank," she said softly, "I—I have changed my mind."

The Spectator

Not long ago, while standing in a pensive mood in the assembly room of the college, the Spectator overheard one of the editors of the college paper ask a student to contribute an article for the next issue. "We are," he said, "somewhat short on copy this month and need the hearty co-operation of the competent students. We will give you permission to present any kind of an article—story, essay, historical or biographical sketch—even a literary criticism, on any subject in which you are interested, the requirement being that it be literary and interesting."

Before the editor had completed his request several other students both boys and girls, had approached and stood by expectant. When he finished, the look which appeared on their faces and the exclamations which greeted his ears were anything but encouraging for the editor of a college paper. "Why dear me," exclaimed the one to whom he first addressed his request, a radiant, vivacious maid of about twenty springs, "I can't help you; I never could write anything. Get Turley to help you, she writes such rare papers in "Lit" class.

But Turlian also spoke up quickly and said she too could not write anything that would do to put in print. Then both referred to Jimmy, as the one who could help because his papers were so exquisitely entertaining and funny. The editor's appeal brought out, likewise from James, a similar reply; his productions were very superficial and unfit to be inserted in a college paper.

"I thought," said the editor, "you were all interested in and were pursuing a literary course and thereby could write with much greater advantage than those who are not studying literature."

"So we are," they exclaimed in almost one voice, "but that don't help us write articles for papers. We just learn all about the great writers, their masterpieces, what the critics say about them, the mistakes they made; also about the different forms of literature, its laws and technique. That is what we do and it is all so very interesting and inspiring."

"Well," remarked the editor as he gazed into space with a far away look in which he saw the next issue of his paper with a great blank space, "it seems to me if you are interested in a subject you certainly ought to be able to write an article that will not only interest others but convey some valuable information as well. I will not take no for an answer now. Try and write an article, for the next issue after the coming one, on some subject in which you are interested and I am sure the results of your efforts will be encouraging."

At that moment another young lady, who was not so far advanced as those whom the editor accosted for copy—she only doing some elementary work preparatory to entering college—but who was greatly interested in all affairs relating to the institution, looked into the room as though she was searching for some one. Recognizing the editor among the group within she approached, saying: “I have been searching for you, Mr. Editor! I have written an article on a subject in which I am very much interested and thinking you might be in need of material for this issue of the paper, I submit it to you for inspection. If it does not come up to the standard hand it back some time.” And that tinge which is invariably present when one is conscious of doing the very best he or she can do, crept over the girl’s face.

“I am delighted Miss Maher for your thoughtfulness,” said the editor as he took the neat and carefully written manuscript. “I am sure it will be accepted just as the last two articles written by you in a like manner were greatly appreciated. We only regret you will not permit us to sign your name to them.” At that moment the half hour struck and the little group dispersed each seeking the lecture room at which he was due.

Afterwards in reflecting on what had transpired in the assembly room, the Spectator arrived at the conclusion that a college paper editor’s path was not strewn with roses. Then the thoughts; why do college students get out a paper, or, who conceived the idea in which a few are incommoded for the pleasure of many, naturally suggested themselves. It certainly appeared to us that the students had no interest in it beyond a monthly perusal. Do they anxiously await its coming out, you ask? Well, we can answer that question a little later. From the editor’s remarks it could be inferred that he and his associates had to write each month in order to fill up the blank space. Perhaps it gave much pleasure to those who read the paper, but it cannot be gainsaid that it worked a hardship on the editor. We always entertained the idea that a college paper was gotten out by the entire student body. Those who were in charge of it were there merely because they had some ability or characteristic which especially fitted them for the position they occupied. The responsibility for the success of the paper—what it should contain and finances rested entirely with the staff; the material depended entirely on the personnel of the student body. If that personnel was strong the paper reflected it just as it recorded the affairs and events of student life. If it was weak or if the student body left it for the editors to do, then an unfortunate state of affairs existed and some reform should be attempted. How-

ever, the conversation we overheard entirely upset our ideas on the subject and the more we considered it the greater became our confusion.

A few days after the above episode, while walking with our confidant—Ed Scribbler—on the campus, we learned of some of the woes the editor of a college paper has to endure. Ed was thoroughly competent to inform us for he had served several terms on the staff of our paper—the Tattler—and experienced all the evils to which an editor falls heir. He said it was remarkable to note the tendency of colleges towards journalism at the present day. Even high schools were becoming interested. “I mean,” he said decisively, “a tendency on the part of the student body to establish and maintain a paper or magazine, independent of the college faculty so far as is possible without their guidance. In it is expected to appear the witty and bright sayings going the rounds of the college as well as the events of student life. The day the paper comes out is always looked forward to with intense interest; an interest which would give one the impression that every student had the welfare of the publication at heart. And perhaps they have, but if one has such ideas they are quickly shattered when he asks students to contribute an article and finds that nine out of every ten absolutely refuse. It is then that loyalty to college affairs is revealed. I would not take it seriously for a minute if the majority of those students who refused contributions were pursuing some other than literary course. Why students interested in literature are so dubious when it comes to a question of writing a few articles a year is beyond my comprehension. “It seems so strange that they overlook entirely the advantage to be obtained from contributing to a paper. Students interested in any other branch of college work—science, engineering or whatever it may be of a like nature—must do a certain amount of work in the laboratory. This much is indispensable in their course; without it they could not get any practical knowledge of their work, or any clear idea as to how to go about it. Now just as this is true of the sciences so is it in literary work. There must be some place where students are enabled to make application of their knowledge. For literary students no better medium is afforded than through the college publication. It is their laboratory and they should be as anxious to avail themselves of the opportunities it offers, as the student of geology is of the jagged cliff, or the one in botany is of the verdant fields.

“Of course they always regard the library as their laboratory; and it is to a certain degree. They certainly should avail themselves of its advantages to the fullest extent. But if they acquired all the

knowledge it is possible to secure from a library, it would be of little value if no application could be made of it. For this reason literary students should be on the alert to write when ever an opportunity is offered. They of all others are interested in such work, yet as a rule are least disposed. I distinctly recollect an instance last year in which I requested an article from a student high in literary work only to be refused. He gave as an excuse that he was too busy for such nonsense. In despair I appealed, in his presence, to a student who devoted all his time to engineering and who did not read, outside of the daily news, a single article that did not pertain to his course, yet, he, after a moment's reflection promised to write a story. 'It is Christmas season,' he said, 'and in passing along the avenues where every shop window displays holiday goods, and every pedestrian seems to be pondering carefully what he shall secure for his loved ones; where you see the face of every small boy and girl aglow with the fever of expectancy; all this mingling with the creaking snow and jingling sleigh bells fires one's imagination and urges him to write his thoughts. Yes, I shall try to write a Christmas story.'

'True this is an exceptional case but it shows that all anyone, who wishes to write an article, need do is to keep himself open for suggestions and impressions. The most ordinary of us can keep our head about us, when out even for a walk and find plenty of material which can be written up in an interesting way for the college paper. And if this is possible in the case of those who are not interested along literary lines, how much more so, and how much greater the results in the case of those who are especially interested. Daily they come in contact with all that is good and elevating in literature and are the most competent to express clearly and beautifully any thoughts that are worthy of expression.'

When a Woman Wills

Billy loved her dearly. There was no doubt about it. He had thought he was in love often before, but this time it was so different. As he himself naively expressed it, "the other girls never had such yellow hair, or such blue eyes, or such perfectly bewitching dimples." He was a junior when he first became aware of the fact and he wondered how he never had happened to notice her before. "George, but she's pretty. What a blooming idiot I've been to let all this time go by wasted—well I have two more years in which to make up for lost time and—you watch my smoke."

So that winter they had a glorious time, dancing, boating, riding, walking—they enjoyed every minute of it. Then when college closed she was off to the mountains and a month later Billy followed her there. "Gee, but I'm lucky," he had said when he read the invitation, "three whole weeks and—Daisy." His ardor certainly was not cooling and the fact that four other youths were carefully covering her footsteps wherever she went only added zest to the affair. There was Sam Moore for instance—she could have had him in moment, handsome, devoted he was, but to use one of her other admirer's expressions, 'I' guess she doesn't like red hair at any rate he don't cut much ice with Daisy.'" But Miss Daisy went her gay little way, taking all things lightly and heeding no one.

And when Ralph Longly declared that he would go to the bowels of the earth for her or any place else her highness should see fit to suggest, she only remarked, "Miner's aren't my style—anyway you are doing nicely where you are if you will only get me a glass of lemonade." A shot from which poor Ralph didn't recover for two whole days and part of a third. But she continued to smile upon Billy, and he, realizing that he was tremendously blessed, made himself into a perfect bull's eye for the darts from her glances, and patiently awaited the return to school. He would wait, he thought, anyway, until his course was finished.

The next year flew by even more rapidly than the one preceding, and Billy continued to soar in the celestial regions except when brought suddenly back to earth by the work of preparing for an exam or the realization that a note book was due and that the pages of his were white and fair. "A fact," he was heard to remark, "which wouldn't be held up against me on the judgment day—though this might," he added as he relentlessly proceeded to copy the notes of a past year's senior.

So the time passed by until commencement was close at hand and

Billy who had hoped patiently for all things—his diploma not most of all—decided that the practice was almost over and that it was about time for the big game to begin.

Now it chanced that the fraternity of which this youth was an honored member was having a house party during commencement week and Billy asked her to spend that week at the house, for didn't he know the coziest cozy corner, or that being occupied, a dozen other nooks and corners endeared by many associations where he could put the question which would elevate that particular niche to an immortal place in his memory. Or, other places failing there was the yacht—but this he put as a last resort. Billy wasn't a good sailor.

Days before the guests were expected he wandered about the house and grounds and in each corner seemed to see a youth talking earnestly to a fair maiden with adorable dimples and golden hair.

The day finally arrived. The girls who lived near were coming to dinner that evening while those coming from away would arrive on the evening trains. About six o'clock Billy went up to dress for dinner. "Only an hour" he mused, later as he was tying his tie, some one sang out, "Note for Billy" and a message was thrown into the room. Hurriedly he tore open the envelope.

"Dear Billy," it read, "Just had a telegram from home saying father is ill am leaving immediately—will you do something for me? Meet Miss Hunter on the seven ten and show her a good time. You met her last year at the Junior Prom. I know you and Miss Daisy have it all fixed up so you won't mind—thanking you in advance, etc., etc. Hastily, Dick."

"Billy Benton, that means you," remarked that individual to his representative on the other side of the mirror. "Miss Hunter, bosh! all fixed up—oh yes! thanking you in advance, he'd better; he'll never get another chance—father ill—d-n his father—I mean I hope he will be better soon, very soon. Now wouldn't that rattle your slats—but here goes," as he looked at his watch, "twenty minutes to make that train." He threw himself into his togs, then made for the car. As he was leaving the house he ran into a fellow and girl who were coming up the walk. "Oh Fred, he gasped, "Get that note on my dresser and explain to Daisy, will you?"

After he was on the car he began to think more clearly. "I'm sure up against it this time. But the Lord helps them that help themselves and I'm surely going to do some tall trying."

Miss Hunter arrived, a very charming girl and Miss Hunter knew it. She was sorry that Dick's father was so ill; he probably would soon be better Billy thought of his exclamations and repented—

after all it might not be so bad—she seemed to be a real decent sort of girl.

When they arrived the dinner was in full swing. Places had been saved for them not far from where Miss Daisy sat though on the same side of the table and he couldn't even look at her. "After dinner," said Billy. But after dinner he was called upon to fill out in quartette, then to bring his mandolin and help make music for an informal dance.

He saw her a moment before they broke up for the night, "It's all right," she whispered, "Fred told me all about it."

"It maybe for you," he retorted, "but for me it's—here he was interrupted, "tomorrow then," he said to himself. But he had yet to reckon with Miss Hunter. Probably we should have remarked here that Billy was good to look at and charming to talk to, both of which Miss Hunter found out before many minutes. And Miss Hunter having an eye out for Miss Hunter's welfare brought all her charms and graces to bear and also made up her mind to the fact that that "silly little flaxen haired girl" shouldn't have him. So Billy bided his time and time flew.

The evening before commencement day he met Daisy in the hall a moment. It was dark and one of the fellows was coming down the stairs. "Meet me at seven tomorrow morning on the veranda and we'll go for a sail," he whispered as the fellow came upon them.

"What, you two here? Well I'm going for a stroll and a smoke. You'll join me, Billy? Delighted." Then as he turned to go, "Goodnight Miss Daisy, pleasant dreams, but don't waste them on this chap; he's not worth it;" then as an incredulous look came over her face, "Well maybe he is;" then in an undertone to Billy, "By jove old man you ought to be with a girl like that caring for you."

When they all had gone a girl came from under the stairs, "Too bad," she remarked to herself. "I see where I'll have to take an early morning walk."

The next morning promptly at seven Daisy made her appearance, fresh and pretty as a picture in her crisp blue and white boating suit. Billy was waiting for her. "My but you look sweet," he candidly remarked, "I thought I never was going to get you alone; we'll go 'round the point and have breakfast over there; I've got everything ready, even to the—"

"Good morning early birds, are you looking for worms?" remarked Miss Hunter's cool voice behind them. "Going sailing? What an ideal morning with this dandy breeze, might I come to, or is there a crowd?" then as she stepped into the boat, "Really this is

too good of you; you can't know how I appreciate what you all have done for me and how good you've been to me. Miss Daisy, it really was too sweet of you to share Mr. Benton with me."

"If the boat only would capsize," thought Billy, then aloud, "You swim, I presume, Miss Hunter?"

"Yes indeed. You know I won the cup at Long Beach last spring."

"No, really I—" and there went Billy's last chance.

* * * * *

This all happened many years since. Miss Hunter is now Mrs. Benton, and Daisy—Oh, Daisy married some one else to be sure!"

Ode to Physiological Psychology

In the brain of man four senses meet,
Sight and hearing and taste and smell.
With the first he sees, with the second he hears
The third and the fourth their own tells.

These senses are quite within the skull
And by means of paths or tracts or nerves,
They reach the regions of outer light
While normally none from its duty swerves.

But ambition finds also a lodgment there
And not content with the work of nature,
He switches these highways out of their course
And makes of man another creature.

To join eye with ear, and the ear with the eye
Is a psychic and surgical victor proud.
Behold, there is heard an object new!
The eye-scanned page is seen aloud!

Next the eye is attached to the tongue
And the victim sees the taste of light.
What it resembles he cannot say,
But doubtless he tastes a wonderful sight.

In addition to objects and tastes and sounds,
The eye can also see a smell
And—though seeing is surely enough—
One must now smell, Milton's visions of hell.

And the center of hearing can smell a sound
For the ear can also perform strange feats;
The nose doth hear the odor of soup
Just as the ear smells the sound of meats.

Now the ear's nerve is lashed to the tongue
And the victim hears the flavor of wine,
And just as before he smelt a sound
So now his taste of it is as fine.

There yet remains one union more,
The sense of taste and smell must wed;
But this is not a wedding strange,
All know both the taste and smell of bread.

In the brain of man four senses meet,
And with these senses, four conceptions,
But nature did a niggard's work—
Which man improved by twelve deceptions.

Q. K. G.

An Episode of Old Norway

The scene is Norway—winter—darkness. The angry, green, icy ocean roars against the cliffs that border the fjord, and sways the little pier that is the only boat landing for miles around. Inland, all is white with the cold gray white of winter. The drooping branches of the stately pines shudder with the cold, scattering their rattling icicles about. Here at the edge of the grove and facing the sea, is a peasant's hut, small, low, almost hidden; out of its only chimney there is rising a thin column of smoke, while outside by the well stands the peasant daughter, drawing water for the reindeer standing around and pawing about in the snow.

Suddenly the girl looks up at the sky, for just now, the glory of the Aurora Borealis shines out from over the ocean—this great spectacle, the only illumination of the long Norwegian winter of night, that makes diamonds and rubies of the snow, and pearls and opal of the ice, and gold and copper of the water. It shines on the fair long hair of the girl and illumines her blue eyes; it glorifies her rude garments and primitive surroundings; it seems to momentarily warm the frigid universe with its brilliant, vari-colored rays.

The peasant girl is thinking of this and of summer. She is seeing that where, but a short time ago there clustered the purple pansy,

now its roots lie buried under the snow; over the porch of the hut, where now the bare vine, covered with frost, looks like a mouth of jeweled lace, not long ago, was a bower of fragrant bloom; and the ship—her father's ship—that once rode the waves so jauntily, now lies tied to the landing, its icy, gaunt masts making it look like a phantom vessel. And she is thinking also of Helmar, her lover, how, in the summer, used to paddle his little boat up to the landing.

“Sunevye, my child!” The strong voice from inside the hut puts a sudden end to her happy thoughts.

“Yes, father,” she calls to him, then to herself softly, “who would guess that father may even now be on the road to Valhalla? His voice has lost none of its strength and tone, but his body no more can endure the toils of the peasant. He cannot hunt or fell trees in the forest and his sword will hang beside his father's for the remaining years.”

Inside, on a rough bed near the window, lay the wasted Viking, quietly, painfully waiting. As his daughter entered, he turned toward her. She knelt by him and took his hand. “You are better, father,” she says steadily.

“Yes, my child, I am better, getting better all the time. See, the lights are fading and the world is growing dark again. It is like life; we are sick, weak, just before the coming of the death angel, who brings with her the glory of the Sun, and bears us away with her on her golden journey to the land where we will grow strong again. For many days the Valkure has beckoned to me to come, and last night I saw the vision of the flaming sword. I am waiting for my friend to go with me. I am quite ready.” He became exhausted and for a long time lay quiet. His thoughts were of his daughter; he knew not how he could leave her alone.

Sunevye had been educated in a French convent, so she did not entertain to the spirit of her father's harsh beliefs. When her mother died he sent her away, and went for a long voyage in his ship. He was a pirate, sent out direct by the king. Once he had saved the life of a young fisher boy and the two had been companions for many years. This boy was an exile from his native land—he had maimed the king's son in a quarrel and in consequence was hiding from the king's officers. Notwithstanding the fact that this boy was nobly born, when he again came into the hands of the officers, he was taken directly to the king who held him prisoner. The old pirate, when he heard of it, came at once to his rescue, and gained him his freedom in return for which he made this peculiar vow: That when his Viking friend and savior was ready to die, he must send for the boy who, no matter,

what the circumstances, must go to him and share the same death. This was the king's decree, from it there could be no appeal; and now the time had come, and the old pirate was poor, the circumstances had all changed; yet he had sent the summons.

He had often told his daughter of this and she had shuddered at such a fate for a young man, but she knew her father and she knew the king and so she said nothing.

Finally again he speaks: "I grieve to leave you alone, but it must be. The old woman in the kitchen will stay with you until you marry and go away"—here he smiled at her—"you are young yet."

"Never mind about me, dear father; as you say, I am young and I will be all right. But I shall be lonely; we have been such friends for so many years."

Sunevye's grief was very great, but she made no sign. She had been reared with a different conception of death but she felt her father's sentiments as nobly as did he himself. To him tradition was the essence of life and it was natural for her to live with the same ideas.

Time passed. The old man slept for a while. It was late and cold when he woke and called again. "Sunevye, child, I hear him coming; he is coming. I will be going now."

In his dying moments he gained great strength, and he stood, like a Samson, in the center of the room, while his daughter buckled on his fighting garb. She gave him a torch and he stood there, grimly waiting still. Outside there was a crunching of footsteps in the snow, and the tinkling of many bells. The old woman from the kitchen came in and put a great armful of fagots on the fire, causing it to flare up and fill the room with light. The old pirate walked to the door and flung it open.

"I am ready, Helmar Kjeruld; it is time for you to fulfill your vow!"

The young man entered the room. He looked at Sunevye.

"God! it is he—Helmar!" she cried to herself.

"Sunevye! I love her! The pity of it, that this should be my fate!" They said to each other nothing; they both understood and endured. There was not a sound in the room. It was the tragedy of life; the silence of death.

A long time after Sunevye stood in the doorway, looking out. The red glow that made the frost sparkle was the light from the burning ship, the funeral pyre of her father and lover. She watched it fade, till the outlines were like rows of stars, reflected in the water. One by one the stars went out. There was now nothing visible. The sullen sea had received their bodies into herself.

Silence again, except for the grim, continual roar of the ocean against the cliffs. The tragedy was ended; inside the hut, the woman put more fagots on the fire, and the girl once more went out and drew water for the rheindeer. But now no Midnight Sun filled Heaven and earth with its radiance. All that could be seen was night—darkness—cold, the loneliness of the long night.

Growth and Development of Wordsworth's Mind as Shown in His Prelude

Shakespeare gave to the world some of the most wonderful poetry and philosophy now possessed. He is studied, read and admired, but ever there must be a one-sided study of him; that is, we are never sure who Shakespeare was. Not once are we given a definite clue to the real man, Shakespeare, and how his wonderful mind came to exist.

Wordsworth, a great poet and philosopher, on the other hand, has left a complete analysis of his own mind so we can understand both the writer and his writings. This revelation of the poet's mind is made in "The Prelude."

As a child Wordsworth was a child, not a strange, unreal creature showing characteristics of a future distinction, but he went to school as all boys and while at school he did as most boys. He was ever busy in some kind of sport so his mind ran on skating, running, climbing, nutting and all such things as fill the wants of childhood. When he would be skating, for instance, he would notice the many features of nature about him but there they only lent a greater enjoyment to his fun by inspiring an unconscious joy. Or perhaps in the summer he would be tired after some exertion for he says:

"Spaced on with brisk and eager steps and came at length,
To a green shady place
Where down I sat
Beneath a tree, slackening my thoughts by choice into gentler
happiness."

and was this any more than rest? He did not read any grove lesson from the tree, but it simply formed a pleasant shade for him. Yet we find a hint of a characteristic in his childhood that grew.

"Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by all the water, all the summer long."

This love of solitude and a continued feeling striving within him, that is akin to love of nature, as present in youth. So it was that Wordsworth as a child went "Voluptuously thro' fields and rude walks, and asking no record of the hours," always storing up in mind the thoughts and scenes. "That mellow years will bring a riper mind and clear insight."

But the poet was not destined to roam about in his own native country but soon he was at Cambridge. Here he became of the often told of type of college boys. He left his mind to rest and laziness, nature was almost forgotten and the frivolities of boys were indulged in. He says:

"For my heart
Was social and loved idleness and joy."

The poet was passing through the stage where was a "treasonable growth of indecisive judgment, that impaired and shook the mind's simplicity—and yet this was a gladsome time."

He was gaining in strength of mind thro' this relaxation for the strife that came later in his life. He did not lose any of his exultation of nature, only to a certain extent.

"Imagination slept." As far as the poet himself was concerned he did not then fill his imagination working but still it was a growing element. This may be illustrated in that he yet loved to take those solitary rambles where he surely dreamed.

And now the mind of Wordsworth has passed from the exulting stage of childhood where all nature was clothed in a "celestial light" to that critical point where the material takes precedence. Before long, though, he saw those scenes of home and they stirred in him remembrances such as every one is apt to have after a first absence from home. The old familiar objects brought back joy to his heart. Wordsworth loved them and here comes the awakening of that devotion. However, he was not deeply enough impressed to become a contemplative poet yet. No, he was just home from college and what is apt to be the case then? Wordsworth tells, himself, how he was rather gay, and a little fond of showing off the stylish acquirements he had gained at Cambridge. But was this to be so for all time? Had Wordsworth taken up the life where "The world is too much with us?" This can be answered by the incident he tells when after a dance he was returning home in the morning; suddenly his heart became conscious of a great joy.

"And in the meadows and lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapors and the melody of birds;

To the brim my heart was full. I made
 No vows, but vows were there made for me; bond unknown to me
 Was given, that I should be else seeing greatly
 A dedicated spirit, in I walked
 In thankful blessedness, which yet survives."

Here does Wordsworth awake to a greater impulse of his souls. From then, in his walks and pursuits of daily life he became a student of human nature. He noticed the old dame, the common laborer, and "common sights." From this his mind sank into a contemplation of the thoughts of great men. He studied and found much good mixed in with evil. They both left their effects on his mind. He finally came to the point where a reverence entered into his soul for the men who have labored in bringing out truths. After this the poet was drawn to the poets and Milton became a hero to him. He regretted that he had been detained so long from "the best of our guides." But yet one as Wordsworth had not lost because he who in his youth has been "A daily wanderer among woods and fields could not loose much."

Now our poet drifted into another world. Man, heretofore, had been to him as a pure object, which in his youth he had admired. Upon him rushed the show of men's crimes and sins. At first the spirit of the poet was deadened. His mind was spellbound by these new discoveries. He was in London where such truths were easily learned and so he became aware that man was not the creature of purity he had felt. Here nature proved to him a great teacher, and far above man. Then his soul took a revolution and as he contemplated, nature began to stir within him the influence of his youthful impressions of man; wore a new thought and subdued his rising hate of man and sin, so that

"With deep devotion nature did I feel,
 In that enormous city's turbulent world.
 Of men and things which benefit I owed to Thee."

And now again, after a great battle, won the victory. but only by his divine link with God, which was nature, being caught up. This was why, when he went to France that he was wrought up over the Revolution. There in the land of strife, Wordsworth became a man of the times. His whole strength, energy and soul was lent to the cause of the French and here

"In the great deep, all things have second birth;
 The earthquake is not satisfied at once
 And in this way I wrought upon myself,
 Until I seemed to hear the voice

To the whole city 'sleep no more.' "

For sometime Wordsworth did "sleep no more" and was a companion of those deepest in the cause. And but for the fact that the poet was called back to his home there would be no Wordsworth of to-day. He would have paid the sacrifice of many.

He then went to his old home and the ambition was still in his mind while he watched the turn of all events. His heart, for a long time, was in France, but this man was not intended to spend his energy thus but sank into a restful and thoughtful state. "But these are things

Of which I speak, only as they were storms
Or sunshine to my individual mind."

He has passed through a great struggle which had given him a vastly clearer insight to human nature. As he says:

"In brief, a child of nature as at first
Diffusing only those affections wider
That from the cradle had grown up with me
And losing, in no other way than light
Is lost in light, the
Weak in the more strong."

Wordsworth had labored under these various stages of life and only as his soul became calmer could he say:

"O, soul of nature excellent and fair,
That didst rejoice with me,
With whom I, too
Rejoiced in early youth."

His mind had been influenced by the many events of his life so that he took the decided step to carry on the ideal of life. He came to the front when as he best says:

"Also about this time did I receive
Convictions still more strong than heretofore
To consecrate, if we have eyes to see
The outside of her creatures, and to breathe
Grandeur upon the very humblest face of human life."

He dared tread on through holy ground because his imagination had been stimulated by an experience that justified this when he took up the course he felt.

"And I remember well
That in life's every day appearances
I seemed about this time to gain clear sight
Of a new world."

This mind so great had gone by no smooth passage into a space where it was the same in substance as in the beginning but greatly changed in form. By the common events of life, and the sensitive nature being struck with love and beautiful environment it became a philosophical one. Truly not hardened but softened to appreciate man, and full of that blessedness which a sister's and wife's love may give. The poet says:

“Thus while the days flew by and years passed on
From nature and her overflowing soul
I had received so much that all my thoughts were steeped in feeling.”

These are the words of a man who was able to reach a destination after many years of travel, and who leaves

“A lasting inspiration sanctified
By reason, blest by faith
In beauty exalted as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more Divine.”



EDITORIALS

John D. Jones

The chief topic in college circles now is how are you going to spend the holidays. To some the past few months have been a novel experience. Perhaps this is the first time they have been

THE HOLIDAYS away from the home circle for any length of time. Melancholy days—have been not a few, days in which your heart seemed very sad and your eyes almost moist as the great large world stared you in the face and seemed to say “young man you must shape your destiny alone.” No father’s counsel nor mother’s caress to soften life’s realities. Often you were tempted to give up the struggle and go home. But your ambitions came to your rescue and you stayed. Perhaps some availed themselves of the opportunity during the Thanksgiving vacation. Others who live at a greater distance were not so fortunate. But now with eighteen days of freedom from college duties, even those who live in distant parts of the state may have a chance to renew home ties. Those who have been in college two or three years look at things philosophically. They have become changed, time has taught them to face graver problems and to view things from clearer skies. But to even these, the holidays are a welcome change, for old acquaintances and HOME becomes sweeter as the years roll on. A few more lines on father’s brow, or mother’s hair a shade more gray does not make their hearts less true, or their love less. A few days spent at the old home makes us all feel better and the work of the coming year seems lighter. The Kaimin wishes you a most pleasant vacation.

The all important thing of this month is the Montana-Idaho debate which takes place on December 15. The team is working hard and

THE DEBATE The Kaimin has every hope that the debate will add another trophy to the University honors. Our antagonists are debators of experience and will undoubtedly put up a first class article of debate. The Kaimin is pleased to be able to note, that there is a representative on the U. of M. team from the girl’s side. This is the second time in our debating career that a girl has made the team, in fact this has been the second preliminary that the girls have entered. We are glad that they have and feel assured that the coming contest will demonstrate their ability beyond a doubt.

It is too late to speak much of the Idaho debate in this issue, as it will likely be over before this copy comes out; but we do wish to make a few remarks in regard to the big debate with Washington State College, which comes off April 15 at Pullman. The question has been submitted, and a reply will be received soon. It is important that preparation for the preliminary, which will be about March 1st begin as soon as a question is agreed upon. So those who are attracted by this kind of work, and have the welfare of the U. of M. at heart should make preparations to enter. Don't think that the present team has all the chances monopolized. The next team may be entirely new, or at least partly so. No one has a sure thing. Honest work and enthusiasm will pick the next team as well as all other teams. We ought to have twice as many in the next preliminary as entered the last one, with representatives from both literary societies. Come out and show your colors. It is worth the effort.

We regret very much that we cannot record another Thanksgiving football victory. Unfortunately for us and our sister college the annual game with M. A. C. was called off, owing to some **FOOTBALL** internal friction between M. A. C.'s team and the faculty.

Such events are deplorable indeed, and that feeling should arise between faculty and students is to be regretted. However, they occur occasionally. In fact we hear that the University of Washington are having similar difficulties. We are happy to say that our home relations, with the exception of a few minor individual disagreements has been most harmonious. Thanks to the good judgment of the faculty and loyalty of the student body. Although the team and those who intended to go to Bozeman for the game were keenly disappointed, and a few are inclined to declaim "cold feet," the majority take a more sensible view, and are disposed to consider it as one of those unfortunate events, that occasionally occur in college circles, and that the M. A. C.'s regret the calling off of the game even more keenly than we do. Thus we hope that on next Thanksgiving the U. of M. and M. A. C. will again contest over the pigskin at Bozeman.

The Kaimin extends the sincerest congratulations to Captain-elect McLeod. His election speaks well of his popularity with the team and their appreciation of his earnest and faithful work with this season's team. We have the utmost confidence that he will lead next year's team to victory.

The Kaimin also wishes to extend their hearty congratulations to Manager-elect Chas. P. Cotter, and by the business-like way in which

he has served on the Kaimin staff as circulation manager, we believe that he will fill his position with credit to himself and honor to the University.

We note with pleasure the interest taken in basketball, by both the boys and girls. This is unquestionably the best winter game, and has every requisite necessary to make the game valuable as an exercise, and popular as a public game. With the splendid material at hand the U. of M. ought to put out a team that will win championship honors before the season gives out.

On Dec. 4 President Craig submitted the eleventh annual report before the state. In this, as in all previous reports important progress was noted. The especially encouraging feature of the last report was the increase in college students, and the improved representation from state high schools. Montana is slowly awakening to the fact that her own institution can educate young men and young women, as well as some of the eastern schools. At the session, the resignation Dr. H. K. Wolfe was accepted and Dr. Book of Clarke university elected to fill his position. We regret very much to lose Dr. Wolfe and wish him well in the chair which he goes to fill in Nebraska, and hope that his successor will find Montana air congenial.

The athletic department will be rather brief this month; the editor is saving his wind for next issue which will be a football number.

We owe our patrons and readers an apology for the lateness of the November issue of Kaimin, and will do our utmost to have the remaining issues out on time—The Staff.

Tell your friends to watch for the Football Number of Kaimin in January.

A most pleasant vacation—The Kaimin.

Merry Christmas to All—The Kaimin.

Societies of the University

Ralph L. Harmon

Owing to the delay in getting out the November Kaimin there is but little to attract the attention of this department, most social events having answered the roll call and retired till the opening season of 1906. As the year is nearing its end we are invited to make a few comparisons and deductions. In the past there has been many so-called "societies" organized in the U. of M. and masquerading in the columns of the Kaimin and before the students, as evidences of college spirit and as objects most worthy of support. At the time when the '06 class published its annual there were some thirty of these "societies." They represented literary aspirations as in the case of the Shakespeare Club and the Clarkia; forensic as well as literary in the Hawthorne; social, literary and technical investigation as in the case of the Associated Mechanical Engineers, The Young Woman's and Young Men's Christian associations were organized for spiritual improvement. There was also the Dramatic association formed for purely dramatic pursuits, and a year ago, but one fraternity, which altho looked upon with favor had not assumed a very important place. In addition to these there was a small host of organizations whose aims were in one way or another of a social nature. These were all looked upon seriously, and were deemed essential elements of the University activities. A year ago, the classes were also organized, had their officers and were, among the students at least, topics of much interest. As one looks about now there is a decided difference noticeable. The host of semi-social societies has vanished from public view. The classes, altho still sustaining organizations are not engaged in contests of much-lauded "class spirit." The Engineers are not so much in evidence as a year ago, and one hears but little about the literary societies. The Dramatic Association and the religious organizations seem to retain about the same place they have occupied, with this reservation regarding the Y. M. C. A. that it is not so popular as formerly. Summing up then, there seems to be a subsidence of the "society" mania; and it remains permanent or but a period of rest and recuperation of the springtime, when the University will begin to bud with these blossoms, such as they are, as the willows bloom with "pussy-cats."

There are perhaps several causes of this state of affairs and gen-

eral results, both good and bad. It would be interesting to make some research here but this department cannot perform the task, at least now. What it does wish to note is this effect. We are not deceiving ourselves with a multitude of taudry ornaments rather than taking pride in the possession of one or two good diamonds. We are not proclaiming to other colleges a childish delight in seeming to be progressive, by manufacturing new shallow objects and bolstering them up with a temporary and soon decaying society, one for each object. Such a course deceives no thinking person. No one will measure a university by the number of societies it can bring out on dress parade, unless they take measure of its error, by comparing the number of them with the number of its registered students. We hope this is no temporary respite. We hope it is a consciousness that what is needed in the U. of M. is not more organizations but more loyalty to the few good ones we have. If each student would agree to perform in his society whatever duty is laid upon him even once a month, there would be a blossoming of a different nature than the one just alluded to, and students would find an interest that is certainly needed. It is well that the "society" bugaboo has departed; but it is not well that it has drawn after it the really worthy thing—interest.

Clarkia-Hawthorne

As we go to press, there is a great feat contemplated at the University. It is the semi-annual joint meeting of the men's and women's literary societies, to be held Saturday, December 9th. It has been the custom in the University to hold one such meeting each semester. The program is filled by members from both societies, the Clarkias contributing music and recitations while the Hawthorne's grace the rostrum in forensic attempts—the Clarkias always doing their share of this also. Sometimes in the debate which is a permanent feature of all these programs the young men are allowed to mingle with the ladies and thus the question is shared. But at other times the two societies choose their best speakers and it becomes a contest between them to maintain their respective reputations. It is so in this case. The question for debate is a particularly fortunate one and will doubtless bring out many witty speeches and some real philosophy perhaps. "Resolved that college men are more conceited than college women." To the surprise of every one the girls wanted the affirmative, altho had they not done so, it seemed well, the critics remarked, to place them there. At any rate every one seems interested and work is progressing, the girls assuring themselves that at least one masculine trait is to be definitely decided on Saturday evening.

After the program, will come the best part of all such meetings, the social part. The Clarkias, having invited the Hawthornes, have prepared such a repast as only members of those two societies can appreciate and the time is confidently looked forward to as one of pleasure, for it has never been anything else in the past. The program will be as follows: Mr. Fred Buck of the Hawthorne, presiding

Music—Miss Orvis; Recitation, Miss Ambrose; Music; Debate, Resolved, That College Men are more conceited than college women; affirmative, Miss Wolfe, Miss Wafford, Miss Hall; negative, Mr. Cotter, Mr. Lucy, Mr. Grush; Music; A Paper of Locals, Mr. Moore; Music.

This is the first joint meeting and will be a topic of pleasant conversation in many homes during the Christmas vacation. Next semester a similar one will be held and we hope that the good time on Saturday, December 9 will be an inducement to bring out all those uninterested members who may be so unfortunate as to be absent, at this, the first joint meeting.

Y. W. C. A.

The Young Women's Christian association still continues its work and holds meetings regularly. November 1st there was a financial rally, the leader being Miss Garlington, chairman of the finance committee. There were twelve in attendance.

November 8 the subject was "Three Great Missionaries" with Miss Evans as leader. Some of the new members took active part in this meeting and it was as a whole very interesting and helpful. Fifteen were present.

November 15 Miss Wright had charge of the meeting. She selected for her subject "Fault-finding and its Cure." Special music was provided and the members took active part, giving to the meeting the spirit which is so much needed. The attendance at this meeting numbered sixteen.

November 22, "Good Tidings" was the subject of the meeting which was conducted by Miss Summers. Special music was again provided and the attendance was somewhat improved, there being nineteen present.

December 6, Miss Fay Murray presented the subject of "Charity." After Miss Murray's interesting discussion many of the twenty members added their views of the subject. The true Y. W. C. A. spirit was never more beautifully apparent than in this meeting.

During the first week of November the World's week of prayer

was observed in the fifteen minute meetings each morning; they were well attended and were found to be very helpful.

Eta Phi Mu

The past month has been one of comparative quietness in the Eta Phi Mu. With the exception of fixing up the Grub Box nothing has been done externally. On Thanksgiving day the boys who did not go out to dinner invited a few friends and carved turkey at home. Internally there has been considerable activity which will become known at a later date.

Associated Engineers

The "Associated Engineers" is a society that the student body as a whole knows but little about. By some it is supposed to be organized for the purpose of holding a banquet semi-annually, while others believe that its purpose is to investigate the most intricate conglomerations of mechanical contrivance; these wild guesses are, in a measure, correct, for its purpose is to meet every Wednesday morning for an hour or so and discuss questions in which engineers are mutually interested. As none except those taking an engineering course are eligible to membership, the programs are for the most part technical, though occasionally there is an outside speaker present who discusses subjects of general interest.

The Engineers can occasionally leave their trig tables and lathes and give their scientific brothers lessons in entertaining.

On the fifteenth of December they will again gather around the festive board for their annual banquet when "Sib" and "Shorty" will put on their celebrated acrobatic stunt entitled "Ches" which had a run of twenty nights in DeSmet and one year in Deer Lodge, minus one month for good behavior. Hitherto the social gaities have been for members only, but after Christmas the Engineers intend giving some sort of an entertainment in which the co-eds shall not be forgotten.

The officers of this society are: President—Fred Buck; Vice-President—Leo. Greenough; Secretary—James Bonner; Treasurer—Ed. Wenger; Sergeant-at-Arms—John MacLeod.

Mother Sigma Nu to Her Children

Come gather round me children dear,
I wish to talk with you,
You who work and you who love,
At the shrine of Sigma Nu.
Come all you great and agile athletes
Who've wandered far and wide
Come at the call of your old mother,
And gather by her side.

Now children dear, 'tis just ten months
Since first you got your Charter
You've wandered far, and traveled wide
But still you've got a starter.
You've roomed up there, you've boarded here
And been scattered round the earth,
But now we have our own sweet home
So gather round the hearth.

There's Turkey sweet, our Senior great
With his winning smile:
He's looking for another now
For Ethyl's out of style.
There's Birch, the Farmer, my bashful son
A' standin' by the door
He's tryin' to dodge the Watchman now
And goes to the Dorm no more.

Oh! here is Elmer, my sailor boy
He of witty retort
He likes the old wharves no more
He's looking for a Newport.
Now Jimmy choke off that wha wha wha
For Elmer has got you beat
I'll tell little Schule if you don't watch out,
He'll make you take to the street.

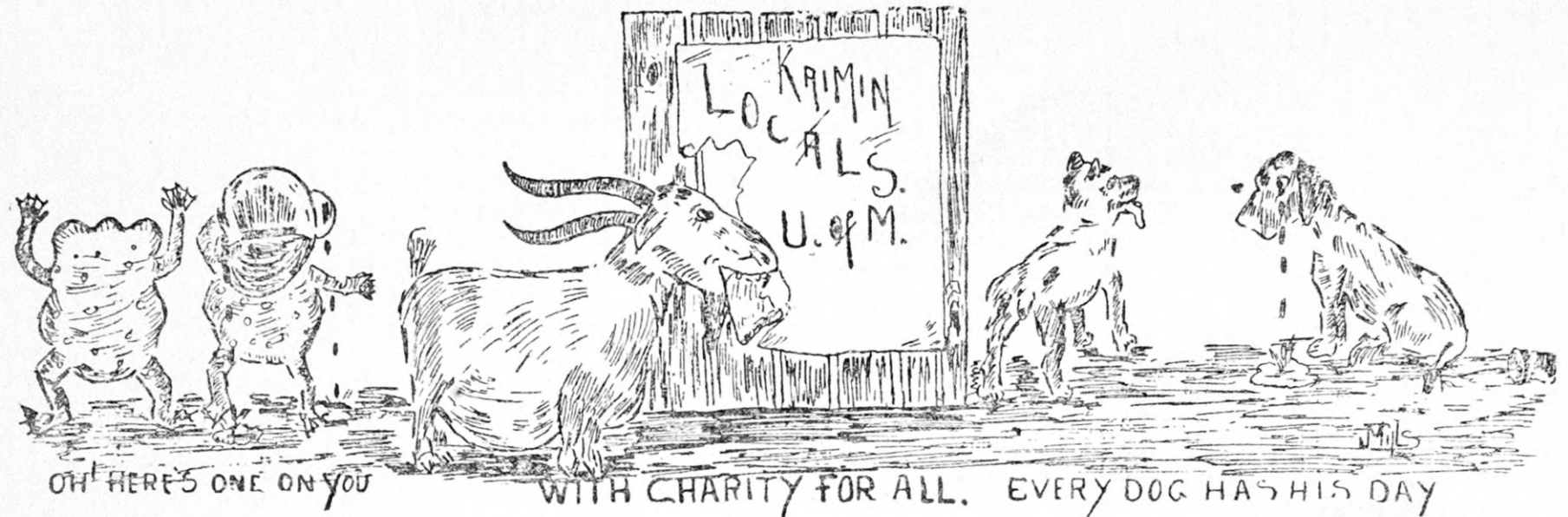
Here Jack, put that pipe back on the shelf,
This is yo' mammy, yo' hear?
Your my bravest son that played on the team,
For your cheeks never Blanched with fear.
Here's Tibie my darling, the pride of my heart,

He of the whitewashed hair ;
Look, he smiles, oh, so sweetly, just look at that dimple,
Does Helen know its there ?

It's a big undertaking to talk to my Johnnie
For he's such a Jonah man,
Those innocent blue eyes, and yet such a masher
Oh fudge ! Francis get him a Fan.
Where's Hi ? Oh, he isn't present tonight
He's out carrying the mail.
Well I got to talk since that parrot's away,
So I'm sorter glad that he failed.

Now children rise up for your mother's best blessing,
For now she's going to depart
Thank God for our home on the Thanksgiving eve
And thank him with all your heart,
Remember your college, and also your brothers
And always be good and true ;
Remember your badge stands for the peer of Frats,
Our own dear Sigma Nu.





Montana Buswell, James H. Mills, Editors

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

Prizes offered in guessing contest as to what the Bozeman-Varsity score would have been. All those guessing less than 50 to 0 in our favor not accepted.

Pork month is over at the Hall.

What's become of the rink?

Has Cotter's people moved to Butte?

Dorm Girl—Now girls, really not because I like little Schule so well, but I don't think he is conceited.

Among the students enrolled after Thanksgiving were Johnnie Flynn and Agnes Berry.

Mrs. Ward visited her daughters Ruth and Dale a few days during the Thanksgiving vacation.

Charlie Cotter—Gee, kid, are you in love, too?

Jessie Railsback and Victoria Whitaker spent their Thanksgiving vacation with Georgia Smurr in Deer Lodge. The latter was a guest at the Dorm recently.

Mrs. Darrow visited her daughter Olive Hall during the vacation.

Roy McPhail and Linda Featherman went to Drummond for Thanksgiving.

HEARD on "THE LANE."

Miss Pratt upon receiving a piece of fudge from Jim—"This is dandy fudge; I'll bet it was made in Bonner."

Jim—Oh, no! It was made for Bonner.

Loretta Granahan and Miss Satherwaite went to Iron Mountain for Thanksgiving, as did also Beatrice Stillinger and Agnes McBride.

Francis—When I was in Butte I had my WILL.

Ethel Evans received a box of candy recently from Great Falls.

Mary had a swarm of bees
She went to save their lives
They went wherever Mary went
For Mary had the hives.

—Ex.

Dorm Girls on leaving table—Reddy?

Francis Nuckolls, Charley Cotter, Arthur Steward, Earl Greenwood, Coach Schule, Doctor Holmes and Jim Mills spent Thanksgiving in Butte.

She—Did you take father apart to speak to him.

He—Not exactly, but he almost fell to pieces when I spoke to him.—Ex.

Teacher, giving a lesson in fractions—Children here is a piece of meat. If I cut it in two what will I have?

Class—Halves.

Teacher—Good. If I cut it again and then again until I have cut it eight times what will I have?

Dorm Girl in Class—Hash!

All gall is divided into three parts—"cheek," "butt in" and "cast iron nerve."—Ex.

The tip she gave me you'll admit was pretty stiff
Since there was nothing left to say
I walked home in a dreary way
And wondered if—Ex.

Miss Evans, Miss Jones and Miss Nora Toole, Mr. Fred Greenwood and Allan and Howard Toole were in Anaconda and Butte for the holidays.

Johnnie had been quiet for fully five minutes. He seemed to be engaged with some deep problem. "Papa," he said, "Well," "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you, that's the Golden Rule isn't it?" "Yes, my son." "And its puffichly right to follow it isn't it papa?" "Yes, indeed." Tommy got up gravely went to the cupboard got a knife and a pie and setting it before his papa said "eat it papa."—Ex.

Now in order to subtract you must have things of the same denomination explained. Miss R—y For instance we could not take three apples from four pears or six horses from nine dogs or—

Student—"Can't you take four quarts of milk from one cow."

Infinitely one by one
In the note books of the teachers
Blossom the little zeros
The forget me not of the Seniors.

The dean peered out the window
Saw two shadows by a tree
I go right out and catch them
What a good joke that will be
She slipped from out the room
And noiselessly down the stairs
Alas when she drew close
Two posts were standing there.

Lost by Joe Buckhouse—one thermo dynamics book, up the canon one moonlight night. When last seen it was being used as a chair by us.

Mr. S. G. Murray spoke to the students in chapel Wednesday, December 8th.

Give fools and women the last word. The meat is always in the middle of a sandwich

What the following were thankful for.

Bozeman—That it didn't come off.

Ralph H—That she had me down to dinner.

May H—That Ralph came.

The Deer—That Steward and Greenough did not kill them all.

Miss Young—That the football boys have left the campus.

Eta Phi Mu—That they got a fine house.

Sigma Nu—That they also got one.

Dr. Craig—That the students had not torn the buildings down while he was east.

Dorm Girls—That they have a skating rink.

Miss Reilly—That Mills and Dion bring their calculus books to class, sometimes.

Cotter—That he has relatives in Butte and also that the cigar did not kill him.

Greenough—That Stella is going to come back.

Del—That Ruth left the Dorm.

Dr. Holmes—That his frosted ears did not drop off.

John Lucy—That Francis still loves him.

The Bunch—That the Dorm girls got grub boxes from home.

The Multitude—That there wasn't more than seven in that hack.

"Tib"—That she has taken him back again..

Teddy—That she doesn't stay all the time at the Dorm.

Vares—Ditto.

Jim Bonner—That Baggy trousers are in style.

Gilham and Buck—That there is church every Sunday night.

McLeod—That Winnie can look up to him.

Goodbourne—That Helen lives near him.

The whole crowd—That the holidays are nearly here.

The local editor—That they weren't swamped with locals this month—six in the box—my that's a bunch.

Some Xmas suggestions Santa Claus please bring:

Bozeman—Some German socks.

John Flynn—Minta.

U. A. C.—A football team.

Schule—A new home.

The Bunch—Another Duche hand out.

06'—a scheme to raise \$11.15 per.

Van Eman and others—A hair cut.

Miss Buckhouse—A library with noiseless students.

Dr. Holmes—A new electro chem. class.

Miss Young—Some quiet girls for the Dorm.

Hovey Pollays—A dress suit.

Psychology Class—Some good whistles.

Some Boys—Around to take girls to parties, etc.

Florence Johnson—Moore.

Ray—A Feather man.

The Debater—Success.

Del Grush—A hammer.

Everybody—Passing grades.

Charlie Cotter seems to like those long green ones.

Jim Mills has acquired the habit of putting his hand to his ear and saying "what? Oh! theaters! yes."

Chas. and Fred Buck have recently joined the Women's club.

The joint meeting of the Clarkia and Hawthorne was a—Well you could guess with nine chances.

Who took Miss Prat home from the joint meeting—apply to President Fred Buck and Manager Cotter.

Prof. Steward, the hypnotist—lessons given on easy terms.

While sitting in "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree." It is astonishing how many things we don't know, when the props are taken away.

The experience of others is our legacy, but the trouble is that during the time we ought to use our legacy we are negatives and see results backwards, and consequently mistake the experience for the legacy, and get it.

At twenty-five the average young man thinks that about nine-tenths of his associates are fools; at fifty, begins to think that he was one of the fools.

Money and brains make a spendthrift.

Brains and no money a philosopher.

Brains and money a philanthropist.

Some people's ideas are like grains of sand in the Atlantic ocean—woefully diluted.

The human mind is a dynamo which generates currents of thought, the tongue the phonograph that makes them audible, the hand the telatutograph that makes them visible,

GOOD THINGS TO KNOW.

That "it is less pain to learn in youth than to go ignorant in old age."

That to make long lived friendships one must be slow in making them.

That the man or woman who gains a trifle is meaner than the trifle.

That if we thought all we said we'd be wise, but if we said all we thought we'd be foolish.

That proud people very seldom have friends. In prosperity they know nobody, and in adversity nobody knows them.—Woman's Life.

A spinster is an unmarried woman who tries to believe that she is a manhater.

After a girl has acquired a beau the first thing she does is to look in his watch case to see if it contains another girl's picture.

Because a girl refuses a young man you needn't suppose it is a sign she isn't going to marry him.

When a woman is unable to attract attention any other way she acts as chaperon to a pug dog in public.

Speaking of "College Boots: Say girls! You just ought to see what Beeson and Dixon are showing. The swellest ever and only \$3.50 a pair. Jack has a pair of Walk-Overs too. Walk-Over Store, 316 Higgins avenue.



EXCHANGES

May Hamilton

We wish to congratulate the students of the Missoula High School on their unqualified success with their first issue of the Bitter Root. This first issue is naturally the most difficult one, and the editors certainly have every reason to be confident for the future of their paper. One thing to be especially commended is the fact that the paper is so complete. It contains all the departments commonly found in long established college publications.

The Evergreen for November 23 was exceptionally good. The "Suggestions to Ferris Hall" would be found beneficial to the students of any college.

We notice in this paper and also in the University of Texas Magazine some discussion of the "Honor System." This system is in vogue in the University of Texas and is found to be the best means of establishing high standards of honor.

Almost half the space not taken up in advertisements in the University Argonaut of November 13, was given to football. We do not like to see our college papers converted into a mere record of games.

The awkward size and shape of the Niagara detracts from its attractiveness. We should like to see it remedied.

Why don't the Exponent publish some stories? Perhaps the students are waiting for an inspiration. Don't wait; It will never come.

The University of Texas Magazine has its usual good material. The story "Williams" is quite different from the frivolous stories usually so popular with college papers. It possesses much real merit.

The Pioneer's special football issue is undoubtedly a success from the standpoint of football information and football enthusiasm, but it seems hardly fair to the other departments of the college that practically all of the paper should be devoted to this one subject.

The editor is not prejudiced against this form of athletics but simply likes to see everything given its proper place.

The Spectrum locals sound so interesting that we wish we knew the people and could "see the point."

The Wyoming Student presents a neat and attractive appearance and contains much good material.

The Orderly has three good stories in its November issue.

The Baylor Literary has the surprising record of eleven stories and several articles.

We notice in the November number of the University of North Carolina Magazine an article by a former student of the University of Montana. We are glad that a change in schools has not dampened his interest in the college paper.

The M. A. C. Record is too much like an ordinary newspaper, both in its material and the way that material is presented. We believe that a college paper should emulate the best current magazines rather than the daily newspaper.

Cadet—handing in his paper—"The more I study the less I know."

Professor—"You must have been studying very industriously of late.—Ex.

In several of our exchanges we had difficulty in finding the name and location of the school. Is this left for the advertisements to reveal or are we supposed to know such things —The Jayhawker.

Ditto—Pioneer

Amen.

'Twist optimist and pessimist

The difference is quite droll.

The optimist the doughnut sees,

The pessimist, the hole.—Ex.

"It's a burning shame," said the man who occasionally thinks aloud.

"What's a burning shame?" asked the youth with a shallow brain box.

"That cigarette of yours," replied the audible thinker.—Ex.

"I want two seats for me and me gal, the best in the house."

"No more seats—standing room only."

"Well, gimme two of them, and be sure they are together."



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The Place to Buy Appropriate Gifts, At the
Same Time You Put Economy into Practice.

A visit to our store will convince you that Santa Claus has made his headquarters and principle distributing point with us. His wares this year consist of everything that the human mind is capable of framing into shape, and the cost of his precious things is small.

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